THE LONDON STAGE.

SIR AUGUSTUS HARRIS AND MR. HENRY IRVING-" HYPATIA" AT THE HAYMARKET -MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER - MISS ELIZABETH ROBINS.

London, February 28. If ever the London playgoer is tempted to take survey of the actual condition of the London stage, he must say to himself: Some other time would be more favorable. Yet, to wait for that other time would be like waiting for the Thames to run itself dry; hoping to cross dryshod from Westminster to Lambeth. The condition of the stage is, in truth, much better than it was twenty years ago, better than it was ten years very far short of what it might be; to the hackneyed view. The best way to adopt the hackneyed view. The best

Perhaps the average is no higher now than twenty years ago; or not much higher. The best is very much better than the old best. Drury Lane is, perhaps, at its lowest; under the prosperous reign of Sir Augustus Harris. That enterprising manager gauges the depths of the ablic taste with perfect accuracy: the heights he leaves to others. The Pantomime season i not yet over; it is not quite certain that, under Sir Augustus Harris's rule, it ever is over. Those who know what an English Pantomime is like may suppose they know what it is like at Drury Lane in its present form. They do not take account of the Influence of the Music Hall. Sir Augustus Harris's latest trlumph is to make the stage at Drury Lane a platform for celebraties of the Trocadero and the Tivoli -for Mr. Dan Leno and Mr. Herbert Camp bell, for Little Tich and Miss Marie Lloyd. This great man, who, in addition to Drury Lane, controls the Empire, which calls itself a theatre and is simply a music hall, lately took over the Palace; which also is now a music hall and called a theatre. He proclaimed to the public that he was going to elevate it as he had elevated Drury Lane and Covent Garden. He has elevated it downward, and provided certainly one of the most popular entertainments in London, and certainly one of the least refined. Is at not the business of a manager to find out what the public wants, and supply it? Is not political economy as potent on the stage as in And yet there are publics and publics. Much

depends on the kind of public you choose to cater for. I suppose no London theatre during the last ten years has been, on the whole, so prosperous as the Lyceum. Mr. Irving, like Sir Augustus Harris, is a manager. He has to make his theatre pay. He has to consider the taste of the public; or of a public. Yet the contrast between the two methods of managing is com-

It might be possible, if it were not a little invidious, to classify the theatres of London, or even to group most of them into two classes The Lyceum, with Mr. Irving as manager, would stand at the head of one class. Drury Lane, with Sir Augustus Harris as manager, would stand at the head of the other. In the first class would be found the St. James's under Mr. George Alexander; the Haymarket under Mr. Beerbohm Tree; the Garrick under Mr. John Hare: and for the moment, the Avenue with Mr. and Mrs. Kendal. That is a short list, but is there in truth any other to be added? In the second class are to be found, not all the rest but the majority of the rest; theatres of melodrama like the Adelphi, of farcical comedy like the Criterion at the present moment where Mr. Henry Arthur Jones holds sway with a comedy which is all farce; or the Strand where " Niobe All iles" is in its eleventh month of vulgar pros-The rest may, for the present, go un-

Such a play as "Hypatia" at the Haymarket may be said to be on the border line. It is hardly a play at all, but a string of scenes in which little done, much is said, and scope is found for Mr. Alma Tadema's very beautiful costumes and scenery, and for Mr. Beerbolen Tree's very vigorous and adventurous acting. It is remarkable that an artist of Mr. Alma Tadema's rank should be designing dresses and "sets" upon the stage But Mr. Tadema is an artist, and art is to him a thing to be loved and practised for its own sake. If he can interest people in what he cares for, he is content, and it would never occur to him that the stage is not as much the home of true art as the lesser canvas on which he more commonly works. "Hypatia" in his hands is a lesson in archaeology and a lesson in beauty those character-studies in which he delights. His Issachar the Jew is an extraordinary performance, the work of a ripe actor, of very varied and often admirable powers. But it would be hard to maintain that Mr. Stuart Ogilvie's version of Kingsley's powerful novel is itself powerful from a dramatic point of view, or that the piece is quite what the Haymarket public has a right to expect. Miss Julia Neilson, who seems to have found a home at this theatre, has not yet made up her mind to turn aside from the essentially false methods in which she has been taught, and to give herself a fair chance by reverting to what is natural and sincere,

In "Liberty Hall," on the other hand, at the St. James's Theatre, Mr. Alexander keeps fairly within the traditions which have become part of the good will of this house since he has been manager of it. "Liberty Hall" is a comedy of domestic manners, constructed on familiar and somewhat flimsy lines. Mr. R. C. Carton has done work of this sort before, and seems content to do it over again. He is neither better por worse. It is his mission to provide Mr sort of scaffolding. It is in this case, as with Mr. Irving in Tennyson's "Becket," the actor, rather than the author, who does the real, solid, en-during work. It is Mr. Alexander who is the architect of this pretty fabric, as it is presented to the judicious public of the St. James's Theatre. In his firm hands the somewhat uncertain outline becomes fixed; the proportions are comes a modest temple of art; modest but real. Whether Mr. Carton meant his piece to impress the public as a one-part piece may be doubted, ro it quite that. It is only a one-part piece this sense, that without Mr. Alexander as Mr. Owen it would collapse. Mr. Righton i useful and interesting in his study of the struggling tradesman with sentiments of kindliness for orphan girls. The orphaned girls, Miss Marion Terry and Miss Maude Millett, are pleasing specimens of their kind, and there is general servant who takes possession of the stage whenever she feels like it. But none of all Marion Terry's orphan girl is intrinsically so slight a part that a spectator who saw her nirable and varied are the resources of he art. Blanche Chilworth is no more a great part orless character each sister makes enough to justify her presence on the stage, and to charm her separate public.

If there be any real dramatic novelty to be Master Builder": the latest expression of linavian genius. Whether it be or be not rk of high import, is a question on whiel people may differ amicably. One enthusiast tells us that not only is it of high import. not only higher than any other, but the sole ed of trile dramatic significance now to be There is no space to enter into these deep matters, nor time to ask whether the other n-that it is work out of the lunation asylum-be correct, or whether all the personages of Mr. Ibsen either are or ought to be inmates of some extremely secluded retreat for those

To one who, with no special prepor no very obdurate prejudices against what is ual, sees "The Master Builder" for the first

time, the acting of it may well appear to be of more import than the piece. The Hilda Wangel of the piece is Miss Elizabeth Robins; a lady known before now to the London stage, but imperfectly known, and still, I think, imperfeetly known. Assuredly, Miss Robins is not yet a finished and perfect actress. Assuredly, also, she has in her the stuff of an actress of no ordinary kind, and if she has still something to

she has in her the stuli of an accomplishing to ordivary kind, and if she has still something to learn, is already in full possession of thoso gifts of nature without which no learning and no stagecraft is of much avail.

I am far from meaning that Miss Robins is a novice; she knows her art well, if not completely. She is, in point of accomplishments, worthy of a high place, and capable of taking it at once, and does take it. But there is something more than that. There is temperament—the dramatic temperament: the feeling of the true actress. She has caught, from some true source or other, a spark of the sacred fire. She has intensity; sincerity; conviction. She is not only aften with eagerness. But transmits some of this heat to the audience. She lives the part. Of how many actresses, English or American, can this be said? But until it is said not much has been said, and it is because this is felt to be true of Miss Robins that she stirs her audience, and excites enthusiasms, and excites hopes to which no immediate limit need he set.

ALBANY TO LOSE AN ANCIENT HOUSE.

THE VENERABLE LANSING HOUSE MUST GIVE

WAY TO THE MARCH OF IMPROVEMENT. Albany, March 7 (Special).-One by one the old landmarks of this ancient Dutch city ere fast disap pearing. Three years ago the "Steats House," recarded as the oldest edifice in Albany, had to make way for the march of improvement; now the "Lan-sing House" is to be torn down. To mast of the present generation this edifice is known as the "Pem-Pemberton family, father and sons, have occupied it Several times of for three-quarters of a century. late years Mr. Howard Pemberton, the present owner, has endeavored to sell the old structure to the His-

terical Association, but without success. The "Stants House" was built in 1667, and gained considerable fame as Lewis's Tavern. It stood on the corner of State and Pearl sts., and when erected Pearlst. was entered by a gate. The "Lansing House" was built in 1710, and its exterior and massive floor beams remain. On the Columbia-st, gable are the iron figures "1710," and above them an old-fashioned from



The doors are divided half way of the length, crane. The doors are divided half way of the length, and there are many other features about the house to testify to its venerable age. When constructed no two rooms were on the same level; the ceilings were not plastered, but the beams and sleepers were polished and waved, and the jambs of the fireplace faced with porcelais tiles containing scriptural scenes and texts. In early times it was a great resort for Indians, It was ontside the stockade, and when the Indians came to the city to trade their fars—too often for rum and worthless trinkets—they would make this house their abiding place.

came to the city to trade their furs-too often for rum and worthless trinkets-they would make this house their abiding place.

It was the scene of many stirring events, and about its doors the Indians held many a pow-wow, and be-came furious under the influence of drink. This build-ing, which has withstood the ravages of the weather and escaped destruction by fire, though it has had several narrow escapes from the flames, is now, after nearly two centuries, to be forn down to make room for an enlargement to a business block.

GLOOMY PROSPECT FOR CHICAGOANS.

COUNTING UP RELATIVES FOR THE WORLD'S PAIR IS DISHEARTENING.

Pennsylvania Rallroad dining car the other day, a Tribune reporter caught an interesting glimpse of a social problem which is just now troubling this

"This World's Fair business," said an elderly man sitting near the reporter, " is going to drive the average Chicago man distracted. About the first of last September my wife said to me: 'William, there is a very serious matter for us to consider.'

"We had been discussing a new roof on the kitchen

wing, and I thought the crisis had come.

"'What is it?' I said.

".We must decide who are to visit us during the World's Fair, and lay out the dates now."

invite every relation we've got.'

"Do you know how many relations you have " she inquired. I thought about fifty.
"'Fifty! Well, I have met one hundred and thirty-

two, and I have never seen any of your mother's brother's family in southern Ohio. They are sure to

"'I'm not worried about my family,' I remarked, a little annoyed, but I'll order some new joists put in the house immediately, and have the walls strength-ened.

ened.'

"What do you mean?' she said.

"I mean that when your relatives begin to move toward Chicago there'll be about fifteen towns in lows, New-York State and Connecticut completely depoputated.'

toward Chicago there it be about interest to the proper lated.'

"Along about there the argument began, and it's kept up over since. We haven't settled consins yet."

The Calcago man paused here to mention the rest of his order to the waiter.

"For awhile," he continued, "I had an idea that we could take relations in degrees of nearness, sort of like first and second and third mortgages, but there are too many complications. Certain fundamentals, however, my wife and I have settled. No one will be permitted to stay longer than one week, and under no conditions shall we give up our own room. That means that we have three rooms, two double, one single, available for visitors, and the season is about sixteen weeks. So there is accommodation for eighty people. We figure out that together we have one hundred and forty-seven near relatives. I tell you the strain is dreadful, and as to expense, I could take my whole family to Europe and save money."

"Why don't you do it!" asked the Chicago man's compandon, "and cut the whole problem short,"

"No use," said the other sadly. "Cone hundred and forty-seven men and women would set up a united how! Chicago hogs," and the chorus from second cous-ins—well, I'd give up my own room rather than hear that:"

THEY CAUGHT ONE MOUSE ANYWAY.

ONE TRAP WHICH AN EXPERT DID NOT HAVE TO BUY.

"Did you ever buy a mouse trap?" pensively inquired a man on a Sixth-ave, clevated train the other morning of the friend who sat next to him, "I never did." said the other, looking up from his

"I never did." said the other, looking up from his newspaper in some surprise, "did you?"

"I have, indeed. I am a mouse-trap expert. You see the mice in our flat have been pretty bad. They grew so tame that I've seen them run across the parlor when three or four people were in the room, and at night the nibbling and pattering become so loud and constant that we could scarcely sleep. We kept a pile of slippers and shoes by the side of the bed, and while the amountition held out there was a constant fusilade. About two weeks see I grew so sick of 'mouse, mouse,' as the uneading comestic topic, that I said to my what sace here, this mouse business must stop. I'll buy s trap. I did. I came home that evening with one of those round red snap traps, and on the way up from the elevated station I inthought perhaps it worked hard, so I olled up the wires. No success. I then bought a square trap with two holes and another with four, thus giving us a total of eleven mice capacity, but all in vain. The next day I went over in Vesey-st, and looked into the mouse-trap business. "Can you give me any points on mouse traps," I said to the proprietor of a store over there. 'I know a thing or two about snap traps, but I am looking for a trap that

" Have you children? he said. I admitted a little

always pleases the children. The mouse goes in here, the trap closes automatically, and he is caught. He then runs out into this wheel, and by running turns it. It is a runs out into this wheel, and by running turns it. It is a very amusing device. I said we were not looking for amusement, but we would like to catch a mouse or two, so I added that trap to the collection, and also another with wire wings, which were open when the trap was set, but clapped together by monkeying with the balt. I now had dive traps, and that evening, just before retiring, I smoked up a big piece of cheese, balted every trap, and stood them around the corners of the room in an artless way, which I felt sure would appeal to the class of mice we were catering to. About 3 o'clock in the morning I awoke reciling very faint. We always keep a cricker or two in our bedroom, and I determined to get up quickly and obtain one. I forgot that wing usp. A moment later my our outside and is designed as a set of guidely another not obtain one. I forgot that wing trap. A moment later my wife was sitting up in a cold perspiration.

""William, she whispered, is the house after!"

""Heavens and earth, she said, getting rady to

" ' Keep quiet,' I snapped; ' my big toe is caught in

"When she calmed down she kindly told me that my when she eximen down she kindly told he had re-language had revealed depths of depravity in my nature that made her shudder. I finally separated that mouse trap from my person and crept tack to bed, smelling like a Welsh rarebit. The next night I made one more ata Weish rarebit. The next night I made one more attempt with those trips. I concluded the cheese was too mild. So I came home that evening with a slab of German cheese. I never had so much room in an elevated train before. The crowd fell over each other to give me a sent. I could have led that cheese by a string. We went to bed that night with colorne on our pillows and every window open, but all the traps were baited, and I said to my wife. It's now or never."

The narrator paused here, and pensively read the advertisements on the opposite side of the car.

ertisements on the opposite side of the car.

"Well, did you catch a mouse?" demanded his friend,

with much interest. Yes, we caught a mouse." Which trap!"

" No trap at all. He fell into the bath tub."

A TRAGEDY OF THE SEA.

THE STORY OF THE THEKLA.

Seldom has there been told a more grewsome tale than that of the three sailors who have been confined in the prison at Ritzebuettel, under charge of murder and cannibolism. They are the survivors of the crew of the ship Thekla, and after drifting about for thirteen days on its wreck, almost dead from starvation, they killed and ate the fiesh of the fourth member of their ghastly party. All three are young. Olaf Andersen, of Tonsberg, in Norway, s twenty-two; Christian lijalmar Jacobsen, of Christiansund, is the same age; Alexander Johanssen, born in Fiskerbekskilde, in Sweden, is in his twenty-fifth

year. The murdered man, of whom all three speak "the Dutchman," was the cldest; he was twenty seven. A correspondent of the "Hamburger Nachrich-ten" has interviewed the prisoners, and gives the following account: The first to step into the small court is Olaf Andersen. He is of middling height, and of broad build, stoops slightly, and has long swinging arms. His head, covered with fair curly hair, is a massive one, the ferchead high, and his face, which is not without some intelligence, is beardless, bleated and

colorless, and his fleshy underlip hangs down. steel gray eyes, with the tired and sad look, only mise themselves now and then, and very unwillingly, from the ground. The impression that Olaf Ander sen makes is not an unfavorable one. One might imagine him to be an uncouth fellow, but by no

menns a wicked one.
Olaf Andersen, sit down and tell me your story. "You mean about the Dutchman, sir?" "Yes, about the Dutchman."

Olaf Andersen looks down and begins to speak. His voice sounds hourse, but he speaks without hest-tating, as if he knew there was only one thing now and for ever that he could relate, and that was about the Datchman. Olaf Andersen began We left Philadelphia on the 1st of December.

Up to the 20th we had a good voyage. Then in the North Sea the bad weather began. Great seas broke over the vessel, and the ship was lost. Ship began to brenk up. Two masts had gone by the board, but that did no good. We were to take to the boars, but while they were being lowered they jumped in, the captain and some others-altogether eight. Those who remained behind climbed into the Johanssen, the Dutchman and I. This was on the not even a tobacco leaf; not a slice of bread. It had all happened so suddenly. Besides being hungry it was very small. When sleep got the better one a wave came and struck one on the head and face, which existed great pain, so sleep was not to be thought of. This made us feel very had. We suffered greatly. Ships passed us, but did not see us, for we had a deal of foggy weather, or it was We certainly saw them, these strange ships, even in the darkest night, for our sufferings made our eyes shorp, but the others had not such eyes. they passed on and saw us not." Olaf Andersen of course related all this in broken

sentences. The questions had to be put to him In his statements he made the impression of a man who, although not quite sure how himself, was yet quite sure about what he wanted to say. He continued:

On the thirteenth day-it was a Friday-the sea had calmed down; the weather was clear. Dew had fallen in the morning, and we licked it off the topmasts and the mantla ropes as far as we could reach. This gave some of us courage. But not all. The Dutchman, for instance, was quite des-

Dutchman! Did you speak his language, or he

cared to talk, and had scarcely the strength to do so. In order to prevent ourselves being frozen to death, we climbed from the scuttle to the forecastle, which at this time stood above water, and from the forecastle back again to the scuttle. While standing there semebody spoke the first time of it. Who it was I don't know. It is sufficient to know that it was spoken. One of us was to die so that the others could live. The Dutchman said he did not care anything about his life. He would die. But we others said that if it had to be it must be done

fairly, as is the custom in such cases."

"Custom! Why, have you ever heard of such a frightful custom!"

we waited from morning till noon. Perhaps after all a ship would come. But none came. Then the Dutchman began again. He said that we were ake an end of the matter, one way or the other he could not hear it any longer. So we descend again to the forecastle, one after the other. Wh there one of us tore off a piece of linen and divided It into four parts, one of which was shorter than the others. This short one meant death. The man who drew that was to die, and the Dutchman

his brow. This was indeed the only sign of exfollow tone as in the beginning. He continued:
"The Dutchman became very still, and we

with his legs, and Johanssen standed at him with his knife."

"And you really ate bim!?"

"Yes, we ate of it on that day and on the others till the Danes arrived and took us off."

"And you did not think of anything while doing so—not of God, not of your parents; not that you were depriving yourselves of the right to live among men, aye, even of calling yourselves human beings!"

"No. sir. We thought of nothing."

"And not even before this?"

"Thirst, hunger and sleeplessness—these were all we could think of."

He pressed both hands to his head, as if he would

"And not even before this?"

"Thirst, hunger and sleeplessness—these were all we could think of."

He pressed both hands to his head, as if he would like to banish the demons which were called up by the memory of those awful days.

Christian Hialmar Jacobsen, the second sallor who parteok of that dreadful meal, is somewhat smaller, but thick-set, and much more versatile than his companion. He is also broad and has a heavy galt, sways his body and swings his arms. His hair, coarse and dark, is combed over his low forehead, his eyes are black and plercing and very restless. His face, beardless, like olaf Andersen's, is bloated and somewhat swollen round the chip. His manner is more determined than his comrades, and his statements are also mire decided. He accompanies his words with lively gestleulations, but his hearers do not gain the impression that the remembrance of his crime makes him suffer, as we noticed how and that his fellow makes is much more unfavorable, especially when, while spenking, his thick libs part and show his powerful set of teeth. But the third man is the most uncanny looking, namely, the Swele, Alexander Johanssen. He is thick-set, with a figure resembling somewhat that of Jacobsen, but much more agile. The bristling reddish light hair surrounds a square forehead. His face, covered with spots, is set in a thir heard of a light red color; his eyes, overshadowed by short, velow, bristling eyelashes, are washed out and colorless, reminding one of a common jellydish. His eyes ficher like a light blown by the wind. This wicked eye seems with one look to try to learn the intentions of those present. Alexander Johanssen had on landing been sent to the semana's Hospitin on account of his frosthitue feet, and has only just returned to his companions. Christian Jacobsen and Alexander Johanssen are both convinced that what they did is natural and excusable under the circumstances. One of them was obliged to die if the others were to live.

"At such a light blown by the wind. This wicked eye seems wit

SOCIAL AFFAIRS IN PARIS.

DIPLOMATIC RECEPTION - EUGENIE - A QUEEN WHOSE DEATH EVOKED A SMILE.

Paris, March 1, 1893.

Were it not for the number of the church services, which are largely attended by the grandmonde, it would be difficult to believe that we are in Lent, as the receptions and dinners are far more numerous now than they have been at any time since the beginning of the year. course the line is drawn at balls, but with this exception every species of gayety is in full swing. The reception of the Diplomatic Corps by M. Leon y Castillo, the new Spanish Ambassador, took place in the evening instead of the afternoon-a very happy innovation-and was a most brilliant affair. The Embassy was all 628 & 630 BROADWAY, ablaze with lights and redolent with the perfume of hothouse flowers on that occasion, and an array of lackeys dressed in orange and crim son-the Spanish colors-stood in a long double file from the hall entrance to the doors of the salons, where the Ambassador and Ambassadress awaited their guests. The exquisite toilettes sparkling with jewels worn by the ladies of the Diplomatic Corps and the gold-laced uniforms of their fords and masters made an attractive medley of bright colors which would have tempted the brush of an artist. The President of the Republic was represented by one of his sons, as well as by the members of the military household; M. Ribot was surrounded by his friends; the Marquis of Dufferin, accompanied by the Marchioness, appeared in the uniform of a lord lieu and among the other members of the English Embassy I perceived Colonel Talbot, Mr. Constantine Phipps, Mr. Austin Lee, Mr. Towneley and Mr. Graham. The Corps Diplomatique "au grand complet," and everybody was delighted to renew acquaintance with M. de Castillo, and with his charming wife, who were both equally glad to find themselves in Paris of the Prefecture were on the spot. The old again.

It is strange to think that it was the Duc de Mandas who took M. Leon y Castillo's place as Spanish Ambassador a few years ago, and that it is now M. Castillo who succeeds the Duke. in a hurry to be rid of them. Mme, de Castillo is a very attractive woman, and her large dark eyes seem to have retained some thing of the glorious light of the Andalusian sun. Both she and her busband are simplicity itself, and the gracious fashion in which they one feel welcome under their roof wins

Americans will be interested to hear that ex-Oneen Isabella, who is devoted to the memor of Christopher Columbus, has just sent a special envoy to His Holiness the Pope in order to request him to canonize the illustrious sailor who planted the Saviour's cross on the soil of the new world. Queen Isabella feels that it is to her, the descendant and namesake of Isabelia I, that should fall the duty of bringing about the beatification of Columbus, and Comte Roselly de Lorgues, who has been the great discoverer's historian, has at her request started for Rome, in order to transmit to Leo XIII Her

genie received in special audience Marshal Can-Monchy, Prince and Princess de Poix, Marquise de la Tour-Maubourg, Comtesse de Beaulaincourt, etc., etc. The imperial lady is much aged and broken, and it must be hoped that her visit to Cape Martin, where she is building a villa, will ple wonder that this cruelly bereaved and afflicted woman should ever find heart to return even momentarily to the scene of her past happiness and triumph, for the memories called up by the sight of Paris must, indeed, be painful to her, and she acknowledges this to be the case. But somehow or other she enjoys in her own melaucholy way to come here now and

Empress of Austria, and his young wife, Archduchess Marguerite Clementine Marie, went through Paris a few days ago on their way to the south of France. They are accompanied by a numerous suite and are travelling in the magnificent train which the Prince presented to hi wife on her marriage. This truly royal train inluxury, a sleeping room hung with pale-hued velvets embroidered by hand with garlands of flowers, a dining-room containing all modern improv gentlemen and ladies in attendance. The kitchen car is perfection, and there is also a small library well stocked with the favorite books of the Archduchess. The august couple put in an appear tions, among others the Culinary Exhibition, now held at the Palais de l'Industrie. It must be con fessed that this show is well worth seeing and gourmets feast their eyes and sharpen their appetites when gazing at the chefs-d'oeuvres on view there, for these wonderful specimens of pastry and confectionery have never been surpassed any other country. They show that in spite o revolutions and changes of Ministries, to say nothing of demoralizing scandals, the cuisine still holds its own. There is one pie called the Triumph of the Republic-a chariot drawn by twelve horses-which is a work of art that might figure with advantage in the Salon. Another composition worth mentioning is a status in sugar of Mozart playing on the violin. The chief novelty in the exhibition this year is a glass case containing the portraits or busts of all the time almost immemorial. Baron Brisse and Brillat Savarin are, of course, not forgotten, and could they come to life again, even they would be able to learn something from the cooks of to-day. It is very pretty, no doubt, to see the costly dishe which form the great attraction of the show, but how to cook a beefsteak, boil a potato or make a stew would be more to the purpose. It is true that the Academy does give lessons in cookery, but from one cause or another they are not as successful as they might be, the attendance of pupils being small. All the world and his wife are talking here

of the robbery in the Rue Galilee, the victim of which reminds one of Balzac's favorite hero, M. Grandet, for his extreme avarice seems to have been worthy of Harpagon himself. For the past twenty-three years this very eccentric old gentleman has led the life of a hermit within a lew yards of the Avenue des Champs Elysees. The mansion in which he has resided since 1869, gloomy and forbidding in appearance. Heavy iron bars have been affixed to the curtainles. windows, and the place wears an aspect of neglect. All sorts of queer stories have long been current in the neighborhood by way of explanation of the misanthropical habits of the proprietor, but one clear fact remains that after leading a gay life in fashionable circles, he one day sold his carriages and horses, dismissed his servants, and since that date has shut himself up alone in the house, which he never leaves, his sole intercourse with the outer world being confined to the bi-weekly visits of a distant cousin, who, accompanied by an attendant, brings him his provisions and endenvors to keep a few of the rooms in some state of order, if not of comfort. So great is the old gentleman's parsimony that he grudges himself even a pair of shoes or slippers, and is in the habit of walking about his house barefooted, wrapped in a greasy old dressing gown, frayed and dilapidated. It was well known in the neighborhood, however, that large sums of money and a considerable amount of plate were concealed in the house, and this must have tempted the thieves to commit one of the most audacious burglaries ever perpetrated in broad daylight. Through the investigations of the police it has that the burglars entered the house during the night and, finding it impossible to make their way into the bedroom of the proprietor, spent some hours in one of the salons, reclining on the

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sofas. Shortly after 8 o'clock in the morning, just | as the victim was leaving his bedroom, and was on his way to the study, a thick rug was suddenly A CHAT WITH HER IN PARIS-TOO FEARPILE thrown over him by two masked men. He tried to resist, but was soon overpowered, and after being gagged and bound was forced to hand over his keys to the thieves, who dragged him to his study, where they were soon engaged in rifling his desk. Having stuffed their pockets with bank notes and gold to the extent of some \$7,000, the burglars inquired where his jewelry was to be ound, and were then conducted to the bedroom, where they possessed themselves of a couple of scarfpins of no great value and of an antiquated, moth-eaten fur overcoat, which one of them immediately donned. They then locked the old gentleman in a room, warning him that they would kill him if he made an outery. After a short time the latter made his way to the window and called for help, and soon some of the chief officials gentleman, although very much upset by his adventure, and still more afraid of being subjected to a repetition thereof, is in no way inclined to assist the police in their investigation, and appears

A Queen has died during the last week in this

city, but I regret to have to state that the announcement of her demise has given rise to mirth and laughter rather than grief. No funeral honors have been accorded to her remains by the Government, nor has any mention been made of her departure for another world in the Journal Officiel. In the lithographed and black-bordered notifi cation which has been addressed to me I find it stated that the Minister Secretary of State, Duke f Niacabel, has the honor to inform me of the sad oss which has just been sustained by the royal family of Araucania, Patagonia, through the death of Her Majesty, Dona Maria Elisa Octavia Guery, Countess of Alsena, and Consort of His Majesty Achilles I. The latter, who has never, so far as can be ascertained, paid a visit to his kingdom in South America, is a French gentleman named Achille Laviarde, who succeeded the late titular King of Araucania, Orelie I, whose death in the pauper ward of one of the Paris hospitals I had ecasion to record in the columns of The Tribune a year or two ago. Orelie I was, like his successor, a Frenchman and a lawyer by profession. I am not aware by what right Achilles I claimed the succession to King Orelie's throne, but at any rate no one disputed his right thereto. The lady whose death has just taken place is the daughter of a near kinswoman of the famous Lefebvre, one of Napoleon I's most able and faithful generals. The Araucanians have now, I under- was phenomenal. She is playing more perfectly stand, adopted republican institutions, a fact which probably accounts for the presence of King Achilles I in our somewhat populous colony here of "Les Rois en Exile." It is hardly necessary for me to state that there is no such name as that of that Josef Hoffmann should not be with him now Niacabel among the list of Dukes enumerated in as at first intended, instead of with Rubinstein, the Almanach de Gotha, it being merely one of those empty titles which King Achilles is in the habit of conferring among such of his friends as are willing to pay for the somewhat doubtful

King Achilles and the Dake of Niacabel are by no means the only people here who have assumed royal and noble titles of the most fantastic kind. There are here soi-disant princes of Lusignan, who | the quantities of flowers that had been sent her. do not scruple to style themselves "Kings of Jerusalem," and as such to confer titles and are no longer sent me as a woman, but as an artist cludes a superb salon-car furnished with Oriental decorations. The number of fictitious Princes. You see," she said quickly as I tried for some reply. Jarouises, Counts and Barons of both French and foreign birth who are to be met at almost every step is something absolutely bewildering, and the strict control formerly exercised by the police and by the Grande Chancellerie of the Legion bf Honor over the assumption of noble titles and her dress or the cards outspread on the table, but it names appears now to have ceased to exist.

While the Duke of Orleans is now once more with his parents, having landed a few days ago at Gibraltur, whither his sister, Princess Helen, proresided to welcome him home on his return from the ast coast of Africa, his cousin, Prince Henry of Orleans, son of the Duc de Chartres, is attracting considerable attention here among men of every shade of political opinion by an article which he has recently published in the "Revue Politique "oloniale" on the condition of France's possession in Cochin-China. The travels of this young Prince, who is infinitely more popular and respected than the Duke of Orleans, in Central Asia and in the far east have caused him to be re garded as quite an authority on all matters con nected with those remote regions. He charges the Government with a too passive and negative policy

in Indo-China, and urges it to greater activity and enterprise, asserting that, otherwise, France will assuredly lose those colonies on the acquisi tion of which she has lavished so much blood and

it the present moment, whether it be the weather r polities, business or domestic matters, is sadlled upon the broad back of the Panama crisis, and it has even been held responsible for the scapade of a sixteen-year-old schoolboy, whose disappearance the other day attracted attention throughout Europe. The lad is a son of M. Bourgeois, the Minister of Justice. For some weeks his life had been made a burden to his by his school-fellows at the Lycee Janson de He was systematically termented by them and they acted as if they desired to make him expiate the sins of the Government, and to punish him for the laxity displayed by the latter i prosecuting the real culprits in the affair. peculiar form of their amusement was to present the boy with what purported to be checks signed by the Panama directors. At length be could bear it no longer, and, having a couple of hundred bear it no longer, and, having a couple of hundred frances in his pecket, decided to run away. For three days no trace of him could be found, al-though he was sought high and low by the police throughout the country, the general im-pression being that he had been hidnapped, either by the Amarchists or by people implicated in the canal frands for the purpose of being held as a hostage, or else killed out of a sentiment of re-venge. At the end of that time, however, he could returned home, minus his money and with coolly returned home, minus his money and with a somewhat dissinated and sheepish look upon his face. Where and how he spent his three days and his money has not yet become known. At any rate his parents have vouchaafed no information on the point, and he has now been sent off to a school in the country.

A SHOPKEEPER WITH TWO PRICES.

From The Cincinnati Tribune.

ANNETTE ESSIPOFF.

OF THE OCEAN TO COME TO AMERICA.

Paris, February 21. Among the thousands of women who have appeared in the musical world as planists, three new hold conspicuous rank. Theresa Carreno Sophi Menter and Annette Essipoff, the first an American of Spanish extraction, the second an Austrian, and the last a Russian. Americans are familiar with the playing of Theresa Carreno, the superb dash and vigor, the mastery of an instrument which sounds triumphal. Sophie Menter's playing is remarkable for an extraordinary and absolutely faultless technique; whilst Essipoff has a grace, a brilliance and a feathery lightness of touch unequalled. All three are absolutely perfect in their genre, unlike each other, and have attained world

wide recognition and renown In private life they are not unlike; each woman has her peculiarities, and alas! her history. Shortly after Rubinstein founded the Imperial Conservatory of Music in St. Petersburg one of the greatest of modern composers left its portals to b est of modern composers left its portals to become famous, Peter Tschnikowsky. His was only the beginning of a long line of names more or less illustrious, among which we find Annette Escipoff. At fifteen Arnette Essipoff was a marvellous player, and one of the most beautiful of young St. Petersburg went mad about her. She was feted and petted by the Court and the nobles, and her career promised to be one of extraordinary brilliauce.

married man with a family, he became so enamored of his beautiful pupil that he turned Lutheran in order to obtain a divorce and be able to marry Annette. St. Petersburg was aghast at the scandal; aghast, too, at Essipoff consenting; but artists have, or rather make themselves, a special code of morals, and the two were married, and were forced to leave Russia, inasmuch as their marriage in that country was not legal.

The first Madame Lechetitsky who was a singer and still gives lessons, remained in St. Petersburg with her children, and many a time have I seen her at Rubinstein's house while the great Russian composer-planist lived in St. Petersburg, not as now in Dresden.

Lechetitsky settled in Vienna, and Essipoff went year after year on artistic tours all through Europe till her fame reached the United States, and she came over to charm all by her wonderful gifts. Last week her success in Paris, at three concerts in the Salle Erard and at the Lamoureaux concerts, than ever, if that be possible, and proving all the time that as a master Lechetitsky is unrivalled. Paderewski, Rosenthal, Bloomfield, Slivinski, all are his pupils; and it is the greatest possible pity Essipoff says is the case.

Before she left this city I called on Essipoff at he hotel, near the Boulevard des Capucines. She had just come from a rehearsal with the Lamouresuz orchestra, and, awaiting luncheon, was playing & "patience," the cards as I entered lying all over the table. As Essipoff dislikes speaking English, we spoke German, and she took me round to see "I am proud of them," she said, smiling, " for they heaven only knows how many inches around the waist, and I am fast becoming old."

I certainly hardly recognized the brilliant Estoff of a few years back, nor do I know if it was seemed to me that all the daredevil element had left her character, and that Annette Essipoff had ecome-in one word-motherly. In answer to my question as to her movements, she said that she was staying more and more at home. "I love Paris," she said enthusiastically; "my audiences here are all so kind and attentive, and I look for ward to my yearly visit."

As to America, she said with a shrag: "No, I do not intend to go there. It is too far, the journey is too long, and the passage is one long series of misery for me. I think we Russians are peculiarly ill-adapted for sea voyages. Look at Rubinstein. He cannot bear one to mention the Atlantic in his hearing, whereas you Americans cross and recross the ocean with as little regard as we do the putting off or on of our shoes.

I tried to have a photograph from Essipeff, but she told me that she had given up baving them done. "It is just this," she said, smiling: "They always tell you it is only a question of a few minutes, whereas they make it one of hours, for the? spend so much time shoving your head this way and that way, and it is all so tiresome and stapid, that I have given up having them done. Besides every one takes them from under my fingers, and ofter all my trouble I am always left without one copy. ?

I asked Madame Essinoff if she practised daily, and she replied at once; "Certainly I do, an hour or two at least, Every player must. I never be lieve those who say they don't: for routing is one of the great secrets in the success of a pianist. Another thing I do, too, is to take exercise and to eat well. That is half the battle. Without health and muscle it is impossible to become a pinnist."

I asked her if she had seen Rubinstein lately.

and she said "Yes," that he was living in Dresden and she said "Yes," that he was living in Presner in a pension, and paying eight marks a day, "Think of it," she said, pityingly, "Rubirstein, who never had less than twenty guests at his dinner-table, and has entertained Grand Dukes with lavish hospitality."

"Well, but he could make a fortune if he would "How to the United States," I replied. "How

only go to the United States," I replied "How many times have I made princely offers to him from impressarios during the years I was with him in Russia?"

"Ab, yes," said Essireft, "but you forget there is always the Atlantic between Be-

Russia?" said Essineff, "but you forget there is always the Atlantic betwire and between. Besides, it would be seent easier than made. Rubinstein has literally thrown away hundreds of themsands of roubles in entertaining strangers, and he is no longer young enough to undertake such a journey for the mere sake of money. He is Rubinstein, and greater his fame cannot be. It is enough for an artist."

an artist."

I asked Madame Essipoff if she were going further on her travels, but she said: "No. I am going home to my two children and my husband. The rest of my engagements for this season are in

From The San Francisco Examiner. Prom The Son Francisco Examiner.

Artisis disagree on the subject of the California Venus. They all declare that the State is full of living models that would outrival even the Indies that lived at Melos, but doubt seems to lurk in some of the studios as to the wisdom and propriety of exhibiting this California beauty at Chicago. There are those who think it would be bud form, however good that figure might be.

Some foar that Chicago would regard the exhibition as a departure from the strict line of molesty, even if the statue were drayed in a brown granter nobe of the night. In New-York it would be different, the artists say, for New-York has an art misseum that is artists say, for New-York has an art misseum that is dead to such matters are modified by the proximity ideas in such matters are modified by the proximity.